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TALK WITH THE DEPARTED.

I.

THE vine-tree o'er our trellis
 Hath twined a graceful screen,
 And draped thy favorite casement
 In purple blent with green,—
 But now autumnal saffron
 Doth round each leaflet run,
 And we gather in the clusters,—
 Dost thou know it, Oh, my son?

II.

There's a bridal neath our roof-tree,
 The deathless chain is wove,
 And the benediction uttered
 By *one whom God doth love*;
 And a gentle creature bendeth
 Like lily in its sphere,
 As thronging friends surround her
 With smile and word of cheer.

III.

Draw near the charmed circle,
 Look in those eyes of blue,
 Gazed they not into thine with love
 When cloudless life was new?
 And lighter than the young gazelle,
 And playful as the fawn,
 Roamed not those fairy feet with thine
 Thy father's velvet lawn?

IV.

Press closer; see the beating
 Of that bosom pure as snow,
 That stirs the orange-blossoms,
 And the veil with silvery flow;
 Slept she not in thy cradle,
 Your twin-souls linked in one?
 Is she thine only sister?
 Dost know her, Oh, my son?

V.

Unfold thy viewless pinion,
 Clasp her in strong embrace,
 The darling of our household,
 The last of all my race;
 Give her a brother's greeting,
 'A flower without a thorn,
 Thou wert the idol of her heart
 In life's delightful morn.

VI.

She, from a widowed hearth-stone
 Returnless flight doth take,
 And for her priestly husband
 A happy home will make:
 A happy home she'll make him
 Where'er may be their rest,
 For a holy, dove-like sweetness
 Is the temper of their breast.

VII.

There's one who museth lonely,
 In the chamber where of old
 She watched thy childhood sleeping
 On the sunny pillow's fold;
 She hath given the bride her blessing,
 A blessing nobly won,—
 None are left at home to love her,—
 Dost know it, Oh, my son?

VIII.

Why question thus the spirit?
 Upon its unknown way,
 That robed in mystery; holds no more
 Affinity with clay;
 Affinity with sorrow,
 With the bitter tear that flows,
 With the failing of the streamlet,
 Or the fading of the rose.

IX.

Why question thus the spirit?
 From mortal ties set free,
 It speaks no dialect of earth,
 It may not answer thee,
 Cling to the faith of Jesus,
 Hold to the Glorious Head
 That binds in one communion
 The living and the dead.

LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Hartford, October 25th, 1855.

THE FOUNTAIN.

(From *Schücking*.)

I.

THERE is a gushing fountain
 Within a garden fount,
 It splashes from its marble edge
 The blooming flowers around.

II.

It jests and laughs so merry
 In the golden sun,
 Each sprayey drop that dances there
 Is gemlike, every one.

III.

And by it ladies wander,
 Around its basin stand,
 To see their mirrored figures play,
 Or cool the tender hand.

IV.

Yet no one asks the reason
 Thy gushings never fail,
 What makes thee gleam and gurgle so
 In gliding through the vale.

V.

For still there is an impulse,
 A mighty one in thee,
 Like that within the breast of woe
 That gushes poesy.